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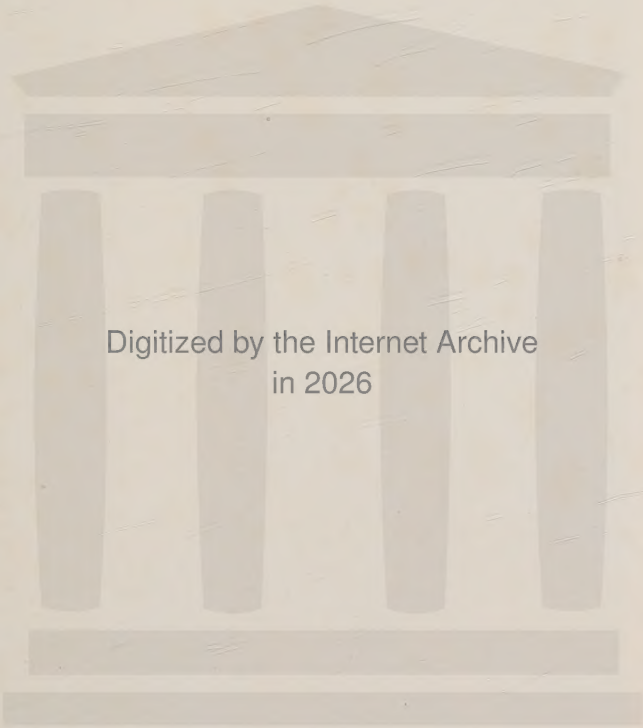
# AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING



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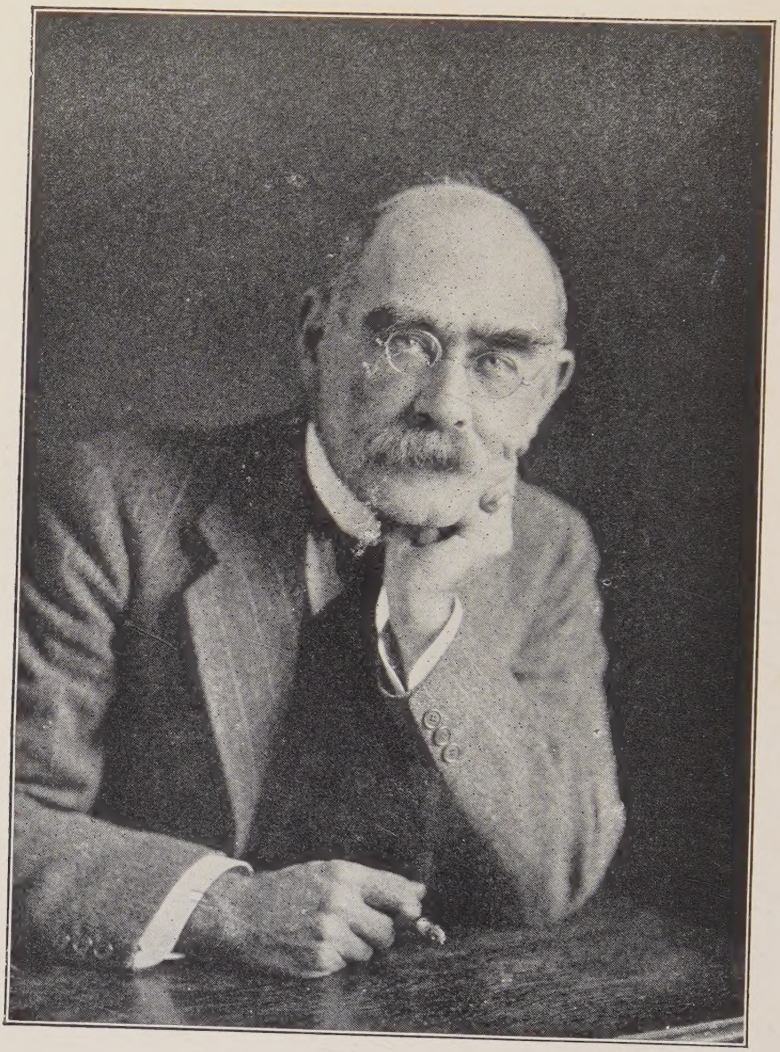

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Rudyard Kipling

THE MANDALAY EDITION
OF THE WORKS OF
RUDYARD KIPLING

# AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING

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*"Blessed is the man who finds no disillusion*
*when he is brought face to face*
*with a revered writer!"*

GARDEN CITY NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1926

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# AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING

## AROUND THE WORLD WITH KIPLING

WHEN I was a little boy, I learned, like all the other little boys I knew, out of a great big clumsy book, a lot of great big clumsy facts about geography. I have forgotten every one of them. What I know about the Mississippi I learned from Mark Twain. What I know about the West I learned from Bret Harte. What I know about Russia I learned from Tolstoy. What I know about Malaya I learned from Joseph Conrad and Sir Hugh Clifford. What I know about Patagonia I learned from W. H. Hudson. What I know about India I learned from Kipling. And these things I shall not forget.

When Robert Burns wrote his little songs about the Scotch countryside—"Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon" and "Ye banks and braes around the castle o' Montgomery"—the people who had always lived among them looked at them again with eyes made clear by the fine lens of a poet's imagination and said they had never realized before how beautiful Scotland was. If Kipling has not made India beautiful (and that, we believe, would be beyond the power of any man) he has made it enchanting and vivid—so vivid that India is to thousands of people who have never been near it as real a place as their own home town, be it Oshkosh or Kalamazoo, London or New York.

Who can forget Simla—"Allah what a city!"—and "the lower Simla bazaar—the crowded rabbit warren

that climbs up from the valley into the town hall at an angle of forty-five" where "a man who knows his way . . . can defy all the police of India's summer capital; so cunningly does veranda communicate with veranda, alley-way with alley-way, and bolt-hole with bolt-hole." Who can forget Lucknow than whom "there is no city—except Bombay, the queen of all—more beautiful in her garish style," a city, to paraphrase Mr. Kipling, that kings have adorned with fantastic buildings, endowed with charities, crammed with pensioners, and drenched with blood? Who can forget the Grand Trunk road, fifteen hundred miles long, "such a river of life as nowhere else exists in the world." Who can forget Madras, "brooding on ancient fame," who Calcutta, whom "kings adventured life to hold," and who Lahore, the City of Dreadful Night, with her dense wet heat, her lepers, her fretful children, her evil odours, her yelling jackals, her lean dogs, and her naked inhabitants lying like corpses under the sickly warm moon?

Mr. Kipling's creatures are as alive as the setting against which he has placed them, whether native like Ameera of *Without Benefit of Clergy* and Lispeth, or white like Strickland Sahib and Mrs. Hauksbee and the incomparable three at whose head Mulvaney stands, or animal like Kaa, the snake, Baloo, the bear, Bagheera, the black panther, and Akela, the gray wolf.

It is not only for India that Kipling has performed this more than yeoman service. See and hear from *The Light That Failed* this picture of the Nile during the Soudan campaign. A group of British soldiers are seated on the edge of the river, and one of them, who is patching his riding breeches with a piece of sugar sack,

has just said, "I wonder when I shall see a decent shop again."—"There was no answer, save the incessant angry murmur of the Nile as it raced around a basalt-walled bend and foamed across a rock-ridge half a mile up-stream. It was as though the brown weight of the river would drive the white men back to their own country. The indescribable scent of Nile mud in the air told that the stream was falling and that the next few miles would be no light thing for the whale-boats to overpass. The desert ran almost to the banks, where, among grey, red, and black hillocks, a camel-corps was encamped. No man dared even for a day lose touch of the slow-moving boats; there had been no fighting for weeks past and throughout all that time the Nile had never spared them. Rapid had followed rapid, rock rock, and island-group island-group, till the rank and file had long since lost all count of direction and very nearly of time. They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do something, they did not know what. . . . There were columns of British troops in the desert. . . . The duty of that particular river-column was to keep the whale-boats afloat in the water, to avoid trampling on the villagers' crops when the gangs 'tracked' the boats with lines thrown from midstream, to get as much sleep and food as was possible, and, above all, to press on without delay in the teeth of the churning Nile."

So widespread have Mr. Kipling's travels been, so deep his understanding of the various peoples who inhabit the earth, that it is quite true to say that if you follow him about (in his books) you will see the world. You can linger in Vermont, which was once his home, you can loiter along the Grand Banks where the "Cap-

tains Courageous" sailed, and you can spend long days in Yokohama, Hong-Kong, San Francisco, Quebec, Montreal, Kabul, Canton, Bangkok, Brisbane, Singapore, Rangoon, and Mandalay. As for rivers, you can have your choice of the St. Lawrence, the Ganges, the Columbia, the Sacramento, or the Thames. All in the same day you may arrive in Kiota with cherry blossoms drifting through the sunlit streets and sail down the St. Lawrence with red maples burning along its banks, you may brood in the white silence of a New England winter and rush at once to the "tumbled beauty of the primeval world" which is the Grand Canyon, and from there swing to the far north where the cold grey water washes the Island of St. Paul in the Behring Sea.

But for all his wide sweep, Kipling is not impartial. Quite frankly, he loves England best, and even in England, he has his favourite spot.

"God gives all men all earth to love,
But since man's heart is small,
Ordains for each one spot shall prove
Beloved over all.
Each to his choice, and I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!"

It is Sussex that he loves best; it is in Sussex that he is most at home. "To know the real Kipling," says a friend of his, whose charming story it is our privilege to quote, "you must see him there, though he dominates everywhere."

"Judging from his pictures," continues his friend, "you would think him a big, powerful person with a deep bass voice. His heavy thatch-like eyebrows, his black moustache, and his big impressive head give a suggestion of size and massiveness. You get this same feeling from reading his books; it would seem that he is a big man.

"He isn't.

"He is rather short—a good deal below the average, I should say. His figure is slight, though sturdy enough. His voice is high and pleasant, but thoroughly masculine. Though short and slight and soft-voiced, this personality is so dominant that you are aware of it instantly, even when he is one of a large company.

"I met him first in a home in New York where perhaps twenty-five people—a rather distinguished company of writers, artists, and public men and women—had gathered to meet him. Being a member of the family who gave this little party, I entered the room unannounced, and so had time to look around and find the great man for myself. I could not find him for a moment or two; he was physically obscured by men and women of larger size. Once found, it seemed to me that he was the most dominant personage there.

"Later, I saw him in his own home in Sussex, where he lives in a beautiful old house at the foot of a hill that looks across a valley and a rushing brook to a hillside meadow and woods of beech, oak, and pine.

"Coming to the house the first time, I looked up at its front, and there, over its low Tudor doorway carved in stone, was the date, 1634.

"'My! This is an old house,' said I.

"'Oh! This is the new part,' said Mr. Kipling.

'The old part is really old; how far back it dates, I don't know.'

"The house is built of stone that is softened and mellowed by time. Yellow roses climb over the rugged surface, and one year I saw them in bloom in early December.

"You remember that story in *Puck of Pook's Hill* about the making of guns for the ships. That iron came from the region near Bateman's, Kipling's house. In the old days, iron was mined in that vicinity and was dragged along the narrow lane that runs by the author's house, so that the surface of it is worn far below the level of the fields on either side.

"The house itself was built by an ironmaster.

"All this I got from Kipling himself, who talks as vividly and unforgettably as he writes.

"It is a great privilege to sit in his study and talk with him. Talk with him, yes, for he is not a monologist. His talk is of the give-and-take variety, and the subjects are as wide as the world.

"One day, the talk ran from motor cars (he is greatly interested in things mechanical), to American politics (he is a close student of our political affairs), to the social democracy of the honeybee (he is something of a naturalist), to the unalterable persistence of English habit and custom (his story, 'An Inhabitation Enforced,' reveals his understanding of his own countrymen), and so on through a varied list of subjects. His talk was shot through with humorous, sometimes satirical turns, illuminated at times with phrases of sheer poetry, pounded home occasionally with hammer blows of powerful English of almost Elizabethan frankness.

"From the window of his study may be had a glimpse

of the swiftly running brook that flows at the foot of his garden. Along the bank runs a footpath that has been trodden by the feet of the English for hundreds of years. Though crossing the Kipling property, it is the inalienable right of the people to use it. And use it they do; not because it is convenient, but because it is their right.

"From the brook, Roman coins and Roman glass have been dredged, and, it may be, Romans used the same path.

"You remember in *Puck of Pook's Hill*, the old mill. That mill is on the Kipling place, and the brook that still turns it is the one I have just mentioned.

"Kipling says the stream is 'an incorrigible robber'; its swift current gnaws at the banks and carries the rich soil to the sea.

"He says that the old mill is mentioned in that extraordinary record, the 'Doomsday Book.' You remember that William the Conqueror commanded that a list should be made of every building and landmark in England. So you can read about Kipling's mill in William's record to-day.

"The whole country around Bateman's is to be found in *Puck of Pook's Hill* and *Rewards and Fairies*. Puck's hill indeed is just above the Kipling house. Even the chalk downs near the channel where Dan and Una had that marvellous experience with the flint men are not far away.

"I used to wonder how it was that Kipling had been able to write so as to appeal to every sort and condition of man and woman, but after I met him and talked with him I understood. It is because he is interested in everything. You notice this universality in talking to him and you find it in his books.

"Last time I saw him he talked eloquently of the writings of James Fenimore Cooper, and especially of his sea tales. And he picked a volume from a nearby shelf and unhesitatingly turned to the page that pointed his argument. He can always quote chapter and verse.

"I like to think of him sitting in that beautiful study, before a table like a drawing board, sometimes pounding out a letter on a portable typewriter—'I had to get the better of the damned thing,' said he—or else writing with that fine close script of his on paper of a bluish tinge, the writing running a little uphill, and the line of manuscript pointing a little to the right.

"Or else I picture him sitting before the wood fire, talking; a pipe in his hand, with which he punctuates the salient points of his pungent speech, now and then jumping up to lay hands on a book for a pat quotation.

"Here is a man whose presence works magic spells in his visitor's mind as his written words paint unforgettable pictures in his reader's mind.

"This is the Kipling whose verses are cabled across the world for simultaneous publication; the man whose stories magazine editors fight for and pay fabulous prices to print. Yet, in 1889, when he first reached American soil in San Francisco, his first contribution on the American mind and manner failed to find a market, though it was offered for $10 for a column and a half in a newspaper. Happily, all this is changed to-day, for as soon as Americans had a chance to read him in magazines and books, they became his devoted admirers, and to-day more of his books are sold in America than in any other country on the globe, and appreciation of him is growing every year."

A schooner off the Grand Banks, the scene of "Captains Courageous"

# KIPLING AT HOME

## KIPLING AT HOME*

BY IRVIN S. COBB

I HAD always felt that I would rather meet Rudyard Kipling than any other man in letters, and I was delighted when the invitation came. And I must say I was a little surprised, too. If he had been living in London it would have been different. But when a literary man in England achieves a certain point of greatness, he goes away from the haunts of his kind, he becomes a sort of Aryan myth, he fades into the ether, he's like the nebulæ—you know he's there, but you can't quite distinguish him. The inspiration of it is to escape from bother. So I was relieved and a little surprised, as I say, to get the feeling of tangibility about Kipling that the invitation brought.

We went down by train to Robertsbridge on a perfect day in late October. It was all new to me, that glorious country, and it seemed a concentration of all the stage effects I had seen in plays of English country life. The trees looked as if they had just received their finishing touches from Maxfield Parrish, and the grass—well, I'm a good Kentuckian, you know, and all that, but that English grass looked the way I think the blue grass would look if they took the blue grass in every night and washed it and combed and brushed it and put it back in the morning.

*By permission of the author and of Geo. H. Doran Co.

At Robertsbridge—by the way, that village is just what you'd expect it to be, typical, absolutely typical, with a sign of the Blue Boar or something or other and tenantry and the rest of it—I had another shock of delight. I saw Giles. I had always yearned for a sight of him, and there he was. He wore a smock and gaiters and a fringe of whiskers under his chin and he carried a staff. I almost slapped him on the back and called him "gaffer." He was an old friend of mine, though he'll never know it.

We took the local auto at Robertsbridge—there's only one in the place—and it got us out to Bateman's Burwash in good time, though it made a noise like a patent churn gone drunk, as Kipling said. We arrived a little ahead of time, and both Mr. and Mrs. Kipling were out, but had left word that they would soon return, so we took a stroll in the garden.

We had not gone far from the house when we heard a shout and saw a man jump over a hedge and run toward us. You can imagine how surprised I was to recognize Rudyard Kipling and still more surprised at his very cordial greeting. You see, I had heard, as I presume many other Americans have heard, that he was a crab—and especially to Americans. But I imagine they are the kind of travelling Americans who recognize him in a railway train and rush up to him and say, "Oh, it's Mr. Kipling, isn't it? I've read your stuff and I like it and I'm so glad to meet you!"

What's he like? Well, to me he appeared, at first flush, a combination of Theodore Roosevelt, William Travers Jerome, and Bob Davis. He has a big jaw and he wears shiny glasses and shows his teeth like T. R., and he's a short man and blocky, with a big

strong hand. He has that quick felinity of movement that is the most notable outward characteristic of Jerome, and a rapid thrust and parry in conversation and a very definite, impressive way of forming and stating a conviction.

It didn't take me two minutes in that walk through the garden, up to the house, to find out that in spite of his great work, and his experience, he feels a tremendous enthusiasm about everything that is worth while. He's not a bit blasé, he isn't Englishy English—that is, not in an unpleasant sense—but is a cosmopolitan in the real meaning of the word. And the little details of life in general and in nature attract him surprisingly.

# RUDYARD KIPLING—A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

# RUDYARD KIPLING—A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY ANICE PAGE COOPER

## *Fringed Palms and Fireflies*

RUDYARD KIPLING'S story really begins in a little Wesleyan parsonage several years before he first opened his eyes on the world in Bombay amid the fringed palms and parrots and fireflies of that Asiatic port. In this Wesleyan parsonage, or rather a succession of modest little parsonages—for Methodist ministers were required to move to a new church every three years—lived four daughters of the Reverend George B. Macdonald—Georgiana, Agnes, Alice, and Louise, quiet, attractive girls, whose romances were to bring them, not only fame and social distinction, but an enviable part in the history of nineteenth-century England. Georgiana married Sir Edward Burne-Jones, then a poor but sweet-tempered young painter with thirty pounds to his credit on his wedding day. His young wife brought with her a small deal table with a drawer that held her wood-engraving tools, and three days before the wedding, a print dealer sent a check of twenty-five pounds for a pen-and-ink drawing. With these riches the oldest sister and her young husband set happily out upon the road to fame. When Agnes married Edward Poynter, the impecunious artist son of an architect, his prospects were no brighter than those of Burne-Jones had been. The family did not foresee

that his scholarly pictures would bring him recognition as one of the greatest English artists of his time, the presidency of the Royal Academy and a baronetcy. Louise, the youngest daughter, was the only one who made what would be termed a "good marriage" in a worldly sense. She was at work on the wood cuts for Morris's *The Earthly Paradise* when her engagement was announced to Alfred Baldwin, the wealthy iron-master. Both her son, Stanley Baldwin who became Prime Minister of Great Britain, and her grandson who is a socialist, are said to believe that there are many more important things in life than guineas.

At a picnic on the shore of a pretty little lake near the village of Rudyard, Alice Macdonald, the wittiest and most talented of the four sisters, met young John Lockwood Kipling, a modeller and designer of terra cotta in the Burslem Potteries. It was love at first sight. An engagement followed and John set to work earnestly in the art schools of Kensington. When he received an appointment as director of the art school at Bombay, he married Alice, and the two, not at all disquieted by the misgivings of their families, set out on a brave adventure toward the Orient.

In Bombay, on December 30, 1865, Rudyard Kipling was born. There is a pretty story to the effect that Lady Burne-Jones suggested the baby should be named Rudyard in memory of Lake Rudyard and that summer day on which Alice and John Kipling first met each other. It is a charming reason for the name, but Kipling himself has repudiated the story, much to the regret of a local society which proposed to develop the lake as a holiday resort for Kipling pilgrims.

Like all Anglo-Indian children, the boy learned the

language of the bazaar from his "dear, dark foster-mothers," the *ayahs*, with their classic bronze features, bejewelled nostrils, and dark velvet eyes. He lisped tales about Shiv and Hari and Shere Khan, the man-eating tiger, before he could speak proper English. He lived much of the time with the servants, stately white-robed Hindus and Mussulmans, and grew to know the bazaars, the avenues, the shrines of calm-eyed Buddha, and the elephant-trunked Ganesh with garlands of marigolds around his neck. Feast days and processions, the glowing fruit market, the beach at sunset where the Parsees "standing in the scarlet waters, bow down before their God," all these were for six years the daily background of the boy.

### "*Westward Ho!*"

As is the custom with the English in the East who send their children home at an early age to remove them from the enervating climate of the Orient, young Rudyard's father sent him to England at the age of six. It is a long journey on the great P. &. O. steamer, a voyage which the poet recalled later in the nursery rhyme:

"When the cabin port-holes are dark and green
Because of the seas outside;
When the ship goes *wop* (with a wiggle between)
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen,
And the trunks begin to slide;

"When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,

And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,
Why then you will know (if you haven't guessed)
You're 'Fifty north and Forty west!'"

England was cold and gloomy after the warm, bright, gaily littered streets of Bombay, and Portsmouth, where the boy lived with the wife of a retired naval officer, who boarded children from overseas, was gloomiest and dreariest of all. How the boy suffered during those five years of rigid Puritan régime one sees in "Wee Willie Winkie," "So little love and so much Bible." As a man, he could not obliterate the oppressive memory of those lonesome days, but he brought out of them a familiarity with the Bible which was to influence incalculably the vocabulary and rhythm of his poetry.

When he was eleven years old, Rudyard accompanied his father to Paris to visit the exposition. The journey was one of the chief delights of his boyhood and served to strengthen the deep affection that always existed between the artist at work on his casts of mythological sculpture in the far-away rock temples of India, and his son, an English schoolboy, so many leagues from home. On his return to England, Kipling was placed in the United Service College, "Westward Ho" in north Devon, a famous public school intended chiefly for the sons of Anglo-Indian civil and military officers. Here he spent five happy, busy years, with his "two hundred brothers," most of whom were like himself children of the Empire, whose fathers were serving England in farthest corners of the Orient. In "School Song" Kipling pays a ringing tribute to the masters who taught him the ethics and the groundwork of faith in England's

mission which was to become the predominant note of his poetry:

"'Let us now praise famous men'—
Men of little showing—
For their work continueth,
And their work continueth,
Broad and deep continueth,
Greater than their knowing!

"This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed, in daily work,
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong, his daily work,
And without excuses.

"Some beneath the further stars
Bear the greater burden;
Set to serve the lands they rule,
(Save he serve no man may rule),
Serve and love the lands they rule,
Seeking praise nor guerdon."

And in *Stalky & Co.* one learns something of the lighter side of the wholesome, healthy, vigorously disciplined organization in which the firm of three members carried on such an enterprising career. Kipling was "Beetle" of the story, G. C. Beresford, "McTurk," and Lionel C. Dunsterville, "Stalky." A half-century later the exploits of that schoolboy company are still a delightful memory to the partners, all of whom have since written their names on England's Book of Fame.

"McTurk" was one of the first patrons of the little paint shop in Chelsea, now the Chenil Galleries, which Orpen, Trevor Haddon, and Augustus John started years ago, and encourages the struggling young painters who had scarcely a penny among them by buying the pictures which now form the nucleus of an enviable collection of Orpens and Johns.

But to return to "Westward Ho" and the editor of the *U. S. C. Chronicle*, for such was the title that Kipling acquired during his last two years in school.

In his seventeenth year, when his school life at the United Service College came to an end, young Kipling was given his choice: the university or India which had possessed his imagination since he left it, a lonesome and homesick little boy, ten years before. He chose India.

### *A Poet Sub-Edits*

In September, 1882, at the age when impressions are etched with vivid distinctness upon the memory, Kipling sailed down the Thames, past wharves and factories and dockyards and ghostly steamers from all nations, dimly outlined in the cold white fog, out across the Atlantic that each day grew a deeper blue until he sighted the cliff of Gibraltar. He crossed the Mediterranean, sailed through the Red Sea into the radiant eastern ocean with its dazzling white beaches, its burning dawns and magic velvet nights. In the harbour of Bombay the smell of the East greeted him, that "smell of all Asia" of which Kipling exclaimed in *Letters of Travel:* "He who has not smelt that smell has never lived." It is the scent of "very clean new wood; split bamboo, wood smoke, damp earth, and the things that people who are not white people eat," it comes down the

streets, saying "this is the East where nothing matters, and trifles as old as the Tower of Babel matter less than nothing." And everywhere is the splendid lavish sunlight of the Orient.

John Lockwood Kipling no longer lived in Bombay. He had become Director of the Lahore Museum, and to Lahore young Kipling went to find himself a job. The proprietor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* engaged him on the strength of a few numbers of the school journal, and the seventeen-year-old editor at once plunged into the business of getting out the daily paper. Single-handed, under the chief, he prepared daily copy for the hundred and sixty native printers in the shop. There were telegrams from abroad, fragments of articles borrowed from the leading metropolitan papers, news from East and West that must be summarized, edited, and pasted up. The temperature was for months at a time over one hundred degrees, but the paper must go to press, regardless of everything. "In my own little world," says Kipling, "the first lesson I learned was loyalty to my newspaper, and that I had to work on it in hot as in cold weather, in sickness and in health." The boy loved his profession, the smell and noise of the composing room, the wet, smudgy proofs, the copy boy waiting for them, and the telegraph news arriving from all corners of the world.

Thus at seventeen Kipling reached the status of maturity. He had an exacting and absorbing work to do and independence, for, although living with his parents, he had his own servants, his home, his dog-cart, his friends, his club, an active and interesting life of his own.

At odd moments the young editor amused himself by

writing joyous little ditties born of the life around him. Occasionally, of course, they interfered with business and had to be reluctantly shut out of his mind until the forms were closed. "The dear sorrow of going in search of these (out of office hours, and catching them)," says Kipling, "was almost better than writing them clear."

Week by week the verses were printed in the paper as fillers, serving to ease off the perpetual strife of the editor fighting for his reading matter and the manager extending his advertising space. That his versifying was sometimes a trial to the chief, Kipling could not fail to notice.

"The path of virtue was very steep, whereas the writing of verses allowed a certain play to the mind, and, unlike the filling in of reading matter, could be done as the spirit served. Now a sub-editor is not hired to write verses. He is paid to sub-edit. At the time, this discovery shocked me greatly; but, some years later, when I came to be an editor in charge, Providence dealt me for my subordinate one saturated with Elia. He wrote very pretty Lamb-like essays, but he wrote them when he should have been sub-editing. Then I saw a little what my chief must have suffered on my account. There is a moral here for the ambitious and aspiring who are oppressed by their superiors.

"This is a digression, as all my verses were digressions from office work. They came without invitation, unmanneredly, in the nature of things; but they had to come, and the writing out of them kept me healthy and amused. To the best of my remembrance, no one then discovered their grievous cynicism, or their pessimistic tendency, and I was far too busy and too happy to take thought about these things.

Simla, India's summer capital, where many of Kipling's stories are laid

"Rukn-Din, the foreman of our side, approved of them immensely, for he was a Muslim of culture. He would say: 'Your poetry very good, sir; just coming proper length to-day. You giving more soon? One-third column just proper. Always can take on third page.'

"Mahmoud, who set them up, had an unpleasant way of referring to a new lyric as '*Ek aur chiz*'—one more thing—which I never liked. The job side, too, were unsympathetic, because I used to raid into their type for private proofs with Old English and Gothic headlines. Even a Hindu does not like to find the serifs of his f's cut away to make long s's."

The verses became popular. From Moulmein, Rangoon, and Mandalay came letters from men in the army, the railway, and the civil service, suggesting that they might be made into a book. It was a tempting idea. A real book was out of the question, but Rukn-Din and the office plant could be employed for a consideration, out of office time, so Kipling designed a lean, oblong docket, wire-stitched, to imitate a D. O. government envelope, printed on one side only, bound in brown paper and tied with red tape. It was addressed to all heads of departments and governmental officials and at first glance would have deceived a clerk of twenty years' service. Thus for his first book Kipling was author, editor, printer, and publisher. It was not, however, his first adventure, for the year before he and the other members of the family had published *The Christmas Quartet*, a small volume of combined authorship. It sold at 2 shillings or 1 rupee 8 annas. At least, that was the selling price. His managing editor said "he could have papered Lahore with unsold copies of

the book," but the young manager of the enterprise managed to come out without any financial losses. Now the little book is one of the rarest and most valuable of Kipling firsts.

But to return to *Departmental Ditties*, as the verses in the long brown government envelope were titled. Kipling took reply postcards, printed the announcement of the book on one side, a return order blank on the other and posted them up and down the empire from Aden to Singapore.

"There was no trade discount," he said, "no reckoning twelves as thirteens, no commissions, and no credit of any kind whatever. The money came back in poor but honest rupees and was transferred from the publisher, the left-hand pocket, direct to the author, the right-hand pocket."

Every copy sold in a few weeks and there was soon a demand for a new edition. This time Kipling saw a real publisher's imprint on the title page.

"But I loved it best when it was a little brown baby with a pink string round its stomach," he says, "a child's child, ignorant that it was afflicted with all the most modern ailments; and before people had learned, beyond doubt, how its author lay awake of nights in India, plotting and scheming to write something that should 'take' with the English public."

Four years later Kipling decided to capture that same English public by a first-hand frontal attack. He had won such fame as India could give. Leaving the *Civil and Military Gazette* for the more important Allahabad *Pioneer*, he had travelled from the Himalayas to the ocean, living with the army on the frontier through the kindness of the Duke of Connaught, then military

commander of the Northwestern District, doing special assignments for his paper. His songs were sung from Quetta to Colombo. It was time to seek new worlds to conquer.

In 1890 he set sail for England, going eastward this time, calling at Rangoon, Moulmein, Penang, Singapore, and Hong-Kong. At Yokohama he saw on the quays the seal hunters of 'Frisco and Vancouver and stored in his memory odd bits of their folk lore of the sea. Crossing the Pacific on a Canadian liner, he landed at San Francisco for a first glimpse of the Western world.

He spent a week in the semi-oriental city of the Golden Gate, exploring the Barbary Coast, strolling about the evil-smelling purlieus of Cum Cook Alley and Jackson Street, watching the Chinese pipe-bowl menders at their work. Chinatown brought him an echo of his familiar East. *Traffics and Discoveries* and *The Day's Work* bear evidence of the vivid impressions crowded into these few days.

Starting east, Kipling set out to find a publisher. With a letter of introduction in one hand and his tales of Anglo-India, of Dinah Shadd and Mrs. Hauksbee, of the Gadsbys and the Man Who Would Be King in the other, he approached one of the old American publishing houses. But his stories were rejected, and, too discouraged to try further, he set sail for England. In London there was no difficulty in finding a publisher, for his fame had preceded him. The elect among the *literati* who had read the little volume that came out of India had discovered in him a rival to Loti and were singing his praise "in a superior fire of epigrams."

"*Departmental Ditties* seemed the last delicious insolence of æsthetics: bizarrerie of the best," says Dixon

Scott. "The youngster was bracketed with Beardsley. Mr. John Lane began to collect his first editions. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne was told off to Bodley Head him. Mr. Edmund Gosse (this is perfectly true, I assure you), Mr. Gosse himself wrote almost tremblingly of 'the troubling thrill, the voluptuous and agitating sentiment' which this artist's audacious words sent through his system. The little sun-baked books from Allahabad seemed, if anything, more golden than *The Yellow Book.*"

But the English editions of his books did not sell. The reviewers of the press ignored them, stacks of neglected volumes cluttered up the publisher's warehouses, and the young author, financially embarrassed and thoroughly disheartened, spent his time shunning his acquaintances and distinguished relatives and writing furiously in his dingy lodgings not far from the river. These dreary days were later pictured with emotional accuracy in Dick Heldar's experiences in *The Light That Failed.*

But Kipling soon broke through the obscurity of his arrival. Suddenly, with the same delight that marked his earlier acceptance by the elect, the public discovered him. Bank clerks and clerics, doctors, journalists, drapers, joiners, and engineers began to find in his work "a refuge from the drudgery of the day." His stories and vivid singing verse excited and intensified their zest for actual life. They gloried in him, and read him with a wholesale and generous affection.

### *America*

In 1892, Kipling, in the first flush of his golden success, married an American girl, Miss Carolyn

Balestier, the sister of Wolcott Balestier (the co-author of *The Naulahka*). Returning with his bride to her home at Brattleboro, Vermont, he bought a home which he named "Naulahka." Here two of his children were born, and many of his most famous tales written for the babies in his own nursery and for fortunate children ever since. The two Jungle Books were published during these years, and *The Seven Seas*, *Captains Courageous*, *Many Inventions*, and the first of the *Just So Stories* were written, although they were not gathered into a book until later. Many of these tales were suggested by some local landmark or character with which his children were familiar.

Kipling revelled in the Vermont winters. During the big snows of 1895-96, he found good sport in helping the farm hands "plough out" and was often seen in town on a sled to which two ploughs were attached and one or often two pairs of horses. In galoshes and long-legged stockings, he wallowed in the snowdrifts until he looked more like a snow man than a human. No droll expressions or colloquialisms of the farmers escaped his notice, for he jotted them down on a bit of paper that was always in a convenient pocket.

These years were richly productive of published books and also of vivid material that he was to weave into many stories of his later works. Impressions of Philadelphia and its picturesque local history Kipling filed away in his amazing memory to use fifteen years later in *Rewards and Fairies*. The three poems and two stories in this volume, "Philadelphia," "Brother Square-toes," the tale of Pharaoh who with his inseparable fiddle came to the lilac-scented city of red brick houses and white doorsteps on the ship *Embuscade*

with Ambassador Genet, "If," "A St. Helena Lullaby," and "A Priest in Spite of Himself," the story of the great Talleyrand selling buttons on Drinker's Alley, were suggested by two interesting bits of source history.

"A little history of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia at the beginning of the last century supplied most of the characters that were needed in the tales and when one got Redjacket, Toby Hirte, the Moravian connection and the legend that Talleyrand once sold buttons for a living in Philadelphia all mixed up together, you can see that the rest of the tale marched by itself, even if Providence had not sent me an old map of the American Colonies of 1774, or thereabouts, which gave me all the old trails and ferries that were required," Kipling explained. "There was really no reason why one should ever have stopped."

These Philadelphia tales based upon an old map and an obscure church history illustrate remarkably well Kipling's method of work. Facts, accurate knowledge of details, truth in atmosphere and characterization are the basis of his most fantastic tales. He acquired the technical knowledge which enabled him to write of bridge builders in terms of bridge building and of railroad building in the lingo of construction gangs, of ship building and sailing and road making, each in the distinct vernacular of the trade, by the prosaic method of ploughing through numbers of technical books upon the subject about which he was writing. A pioneer book dealer of New York in the 'nineties, S. S. F. McLean, whose shop used to be across from Cooper Union, had occasion to furnish Kipling with many books while he was in Vermont.

"One day," says Mr. McLean, recalling his famous

customers, "a man came into my shop and called for the poetical works of Dr. John Donne. I had never heard of Donne; and not having the book, I offered to make a search for it and communicate with the customer if he would leave me his name and address.

"With fine penmanship he wrote on the back of a card that I handed him: 'Rudyard Kipling, Brattleboro, Vermont.' Mr. McLean promptly advertised for Doctor Donne's works and soon had several copies offered. He notified Kipling and, soon after, received a letter from him asking for information about all available books on ship building, railroad construction, tunnel-boring, surveying, labour unions, and kindred activities. On receipt of the list, Mr. Kipling bought the books and asked for more.

"I often wondered," said the book dealer, "what interest such an author as Mr. Kipling could have in that line of stuff. For a while I thought it must be a hobby, a sort of side line.

"But I hadn't long to wait, for soon such stories as 'The Bridge Builders,' 'A Walking Delegate,' 'The Ship That Found Herself,' and others of the same type began to appear in the leading magazines."

In 1897, Kipling left America to make a journey to Africa. Although he has never returned to make his home in the United States, he has left such an impress on the American consciousness that villages are named after him from Louisiana to Saskatchewan. There is a Kipling station in Saskatchewan; a Kipling in Ontario; Rudyard, Montana; Rudyard and Kipling, Michigan; Kipling, North Carolina; Rudyard, Mississippi; and Kipling, Louisiana. The Michigan Rudyard and Kipling were named by the President of the Soo Line

Railroad who treasures an autograph poem by Kipling celebrating his two new children of the north.

Africa was to Kipling something like a homecoming, for it gleamed and breathed and smelled of the Orient and was everywhere reminiscent of his own India. Port Said, "a perpetual cinematograph show of excited, uneasy travellers; the Nile Himself, golden in sunshine, wrinkled under strong breezes"; the Soudan where one white man to several thousand square miles, kept order from the edges of Abyssinia to the swamps of the Equator; Pretoria; the veldt: he felt a keen delight in listening to the babel of tongues and seeing about him the kaleidoscopic life of the East. Several of the tales in *Traffics and Discoveries* bear record of his interest in the political and economic conditions that led to the Boer War.

Returning to England, Kipling and his family settled in a quiet little Sussex village, Rottingdean-near-the-Sea. Spending most of the time out of doors, he rode three hours every morning and in the late afternoons might be seen often tramping over the Downs regardless of the weather. Here he published *The Day's Work*, *Stalky and Co.*, and a new collection of verse, *From Sea to Sea.*

Two years later, Kipling and his family returned to America for a visit. He was then at the height of his fame. There was probably no living author regarded with such spontaneous veneration by a public scattered so widely over the face of the world. The ship's news reporters who went down the bay to greet him were prepared to spread the story of his arrival over the front pages of the daily papers from New York to San Francisco. As the *Majestic*, ice-coated, labouring in rough

Bateman's, Kipling's home in Sussex

seas, neared Sandy Hook, Kipling watched three men in oilskins bobbing up and down in a cockle-shell boat. They were pilots coming aboard. When the little boat veered off, the men rested on their oars. One, looking up, saw Kipling and, taking off his oilskin hat, shouted:

"By sport of bitter weather
We're walty, strained, and scarred
From the kentledge on the kelson
To the slings upon the yard.
Six oceans had their will of us
To carry all away."

Then he added, "Hurrah for Mulvaney and the boys of Lungtungpen."

When the reporters swarmed aboard at quarantine, they found their author uncommunicative and anxious to shun publicity as much as possible. The only interview he gave them was this statement of his artist's creed:

"Every effort of art is an effort to be sincere. There is no surer guide, I am sure, than the determination to tell the truth that one feels."

The American visit was cut short by a serious illness. For weeks Kipling lay at the point of death in a New York hotel while the journals of both England and America voiced an unwonted closeness of fellowship, drawn together by their sympathy for the suffering of one whose stories and songs had become a part of the literary heritage of all English-speaking people.

### *In an Elizabethan Farm House*

Returning to England upon his recovery, Kipling settled at Bateman's not far from the village of Burwash

in Sussex, among the meadows that once knew Puck. Here with his hazel fishing rod, his dogs, and his children, Kipling was content, paying little heed to the honours that the world would heap upon him. In 1907 he won the Nobel Prize for Literature, the highest international recognition that an author can receive. He has also been made Rector of St. Andrew University, and many colleges have conferred degrees upon him.

During the World War, to which he gave his only son, he was a moving spirit in that little band of distinguished authors who devoted themselves to the work of keeping up the courage of the families at home by reporting to them the exploits of their sons in various branches of the service. Afterward he spent several years writing a history of the Irish Guards, a labour of love in memory of his son John who had belonged to that gallant regiment. "The Years Between," a slender volume of verse published in 1919, reflects his reaction to the war and contains incidentally several of his most powerful verses. "Gethsemane," "The Sons of Martha," "Zion," and "Mary's Son" rank very high among his poems of all periods.

So, living quietly in the most ancient and richly historical corner of that England of which he is such a vivid interpreter, Kipling has become one of the most venerated figures in the literature of our day. His lines have been quoted so often that they have lost all significance of authorship. Like Shakespeare and the Bible, his phrases are a part of everyone's current speech. Legends have grown up about him and anecdotes without end have been attributed to him, some few with a foundation of fact, but many of them incorrect.

Numerous as the anecdotes are the stories of the sprightly inscriptions that Kipling has written in the books of his friends. Brander Matthews treasures one in playful mood that makes his copy of *Many Inventions* a joy to any true bibliophile. To begin with, the volume is bound by Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, the distinguished book binder, who refuses to waste his skill upon works which do not seem to him to be worthy of sumptuous attire. It is rarely that he consents to bind the books of contemporary authors, but he took pleasure in dressing *Many Inventions* in a back of blue morocco, sides of harmoniously marbled paper and vellum corners. Mr. Matthews was so delighted with the book that he asked Kipling to autograph it. Kipling wrote in reply that the blank pages in front of the text were very tempting, so he wrote in all of them. On one was a parody of Browning, on another a parody of James Whitcomb Riley in such perfect dialect that Howells was ready to accept it as the actual work of the Hoosier lyrist, and on a third the following quatrain:

> See my literary pants:
> I am bound in crushed levants.
> Brander Matthews did it, and a
> Very handsome thing of Branda.

Fortunate is the book lover who owns a Kipling autograph or a first edition, for no modern author has won higher favour with collectors. Arthur Swann, Director of the Department of Books and Prints of the American Art Association, whose knowledge of rare books and manuscripts is unsurpassed, ranks Kipling as one of the three great moderns whose work will have increasing

value for posterity. Rare Kipling firsts have within the past few years brought record prices for the works of contemporary writers, and these prices have shown a steady increase since the early 'nineties when the discerning few began to collect him in the little tan volumes that came from Allahabad. In the recent sale of George Barr McCutcheon's library of Kipling, Hardy, and Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Swann points out that at least half of the Kipling items set record prices. Among these were a "proof" copy of the *United Service College Chronicle*, the paper which Kipling edited in college. The editorial is by the young editor-in-chief, and the corrections are in his hand writing. This printer's proof of the school paper which he edited so earnestly thirty-five years ago was sold for $1,150.

Kipling's first real book, *School-boy Lyrics*, a brown paper-covered pamphlet, which his parents had printed for private circulation while the boy was at school in England, brought $1,300; his second, *Echoes, by Two Writers*, the little volume which he and his sister wrote and published together, was bought for $1,050. A first edition of *Departmental Ditties*, "the fat brown baby with the pink string around its stomach," which Kipling and Rukn-Din and the printers of the Lahore *Civil and Military Gazette* set up after hours, was $150; *Plain Tales from the Hills*, a first edition, was $120, and *In Black and White*, the stories for which his father did a beautiful series of illustrations, also brought $120, while *Under the Deodars* was $35.

One of the most interesting items in Mr. McCutcheon's library, and the envy of all Kipling collectors, is Kipling's suppressed book, *The Smith Administration*. Only six copies, says Mr. Swann, are known to be in

existence. Four of these are in America; three of them in the libraries of Mr. C. T. Croker, Mr. P. A. Valentine, and Mr. J. A. Spoor. Three thousand copies were printed originally for the Indian Railway Library of A. A. Wheeler & Company, but owing to a difference of opinion as to the copyrights between Rudyard Kipling and the proprietors of the *Pioneer Press* and the *Civil and Military Gazette*, in which journals the stories first appeared, the entire edition was cancelled and destroyed with the exception of these few copies. Like Conrad's suppressed preface to *The Nigger of the "Narcissus,"* it has remained one of the most intriguing of contemporary literary items. Remarkably high prices were also paid for *Captains Courageous*, which brought $480; "The Just So Stories," $320, and "Brother Square-toes," one of the Philadelphia stories in *Rewards and Fairies*, $490.

These prices, although many of them are record-breaking, are not remarkable, thinks Mr. Swann, because there has been a steady advance in the value of Kipling's works for the collector.

So the precocious youngster of the 'nineties whose stories had that peculiar property which, as Henry James said, "made us all drop so precipitately everything else to attend to him" has become one of the most powerful figures of his time, and the most virile singer of his race. In interpreting Kipling to his Latin neighbours, André Chevrillon, the French critic, thus sums up his character and his significance:

"His essential quality is energy—an energy of which one might venture to say that it partakes of the driving power of the world—a will to live that devotes him to the service of life, and this, in his appointed order and

place, in that England he serves as the leaf serves the tree from which it has received its form and law, and of which it bears in itself the essential sap. Better than any in our days, he has represented the ancient culture, faith, and idea of this England. More than any, he has feared and looked ahead for her, and when the hour of trial came he embodied her anguish and her will. Posterity, looking back and beholding the poet against the tragic background of our period, will see that his was the soul of his people.

"But in fulfilling his mission he serves still higher and more general aims. If we wish to know his deeper purpose we should read some lines at the end of one of his early books, which indefinitely enlarge its scope and meaning:

"'My new-cut ashlar takes the light
Where crimson-blank the windows flare;
By my own work, before the night,
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

"'If there be good in that I wrought
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"'The depth and dream of my desire,
The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the fire,
Thou knowest, Who hast made the clay.

"'One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth.'

"This stone, accurately cut for the Temple, is Kipling's life work—and by this prayer it is dedicated."

# RUDYARD KIPLING'S PLACE IN LITERATURE

# RUDYARD KIPLING'S PLACE IN LITERATURE[1]

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HENRY JAMES, in an early appreciation of Rudyard Kipling's writings, which was a striking illustration of his own literary catholicity, referred to "the particular property that made us all so precipitately drop everything else to attend to him." The phrase is vividly and truthfully descriptive of the manner in which, so to say, Mr. Kipling first hit literary London; for his sudden and swift arrival was a very unmistakable jolt to the literary fashions then prevailing.

The times were decidedly "precious." We were in the midst of a rather hectic aftermath of pre-Raphaelitism and the "æsthetic" movement. The labels "decadent" and "*fin de siècle*" were the prevailing catchwords, and "strange sins," and peculiar "soul states," and "artistic temperaments" were in vogue. It was the heyday of Oscar Wilde and Aubrey Beardsley, of Paterian and Stevensonian prose. "Style" and "distinction" were our only wear. Also the cults of the poster, the music hall, and the short story were at their height. *The Yellow Book* was being published in Vigo Street, and the Rhymers' Club was meeting at the Cheshire Cheese. In short, it was the eighteen-nineties.

It is not necessary to depreciate those stirring times, as surely I would be the last to do, in order to empha-

[1]Reprinted from *Munsey's Magazine*. Copyright, 1919, by the Frank A. Munsey Company.

size the singularity of Mr. Kipling's paradoxical arrival among them. There was a genuine artistic vitality in them, which has not only left behind some notable work, becoming more seriously recognized as time goes on, and the picturesque memories of certain ill-starred men of talent, if not genius, but which is, at the moment, perhaps too potently alive and influential in that new wave of "preciousness" wherein we are at present engulfed. Indeed, the despised and rejected of the eighteen-nineties have become, it is to be feared, almost too much the chief corner stones of contemporary movements and manifestoes.

However, "that," as Mr. Kipling first taught us to say, "is another story." Mr. Kipling's influence has had a long innings. If those influences which he temporarily overwhelmed are now to have theirs—well, it takes all sorts to make a world. Of one thing we may be gladly certain—the iron and quinine with which he has so plentifully dosed us will remain in the blood of the younger generation, and will serve to correct any threatened fevers of luxurious "hedonism." No recent writer can so confidently apply Whitman's words to himself, in addressing his contemporaries, and say:

> "You will hardly know who I am or what I mean,
> But I will be good health to you, nevertheless,
> And filter and fibre your blood."

Leaving artistic considerations aside for a moment, Mr. Kipling's moral influence on his day and generation has been of an importance which it is scarcely an exaggeration to call prophetic. Few writers have ever come so precisely in the nick of time. If a voice crying

"England hath need of thee" had summoned him, he could not have been more pat to the occasion. Wordsworth's "stern daughter of the voice of God" has seldom been in greater need of a candid friend and servant. But how whimsically characteristic of the times it was, too, that that mouthpiece of the ancient verities should come in the guise of an Anglo-Indian teller of tales, the banjo minstrel of Tommy Atkins and Supi-yaw-lat!

And surely, at first, no one dreamed what this cocksure *enfant terrible* was to mean to the British Empire in particular, and to the morale of the world in general. His guise was certainly anything but prophetic, and his accents anything but reverential. Other-worldliness —of which he was essentially a great deal—was the last quality you would attribute to him. On the contrary, a queerly acrid worldliness, an omniscient cynicism, and a jarring brutality, made the peculiar tang of this strange, new fruit from the Tree of Knowledge. One's first reading of him was like one's first experience with olives. Some people never learn to like olives, and some people—lovers, too, of the best in literature—have never quite learned to like Rudyard Kipling. There is something in him that still frightens them.

But the fruit that Mr. Kipling brought us, even in that first astonishing volume of *Plain Tales from the Hills*, was more subtly blended in flavour than any olive. It had, indeed, every kind of flavour, and was not without an odd touch of the nectarine. Among all his other experiences, its author had not missed the honey of pre-Raphaelitism, was not unacquainted with the Lady Lilith, and could put Rossetti's "Song of the Bower" into the mouth of his drunken acquaintance,

McIntosh Jellaludin. And, while on one page we would find him lyrically celebrating "the hunting of man," what exquisite tenderness we would find on another—lover tenderness, mother tenderness—and what noble and touching pity for the sorrows and frailties of his fellows! With all his uncanny and precocious knowledge of the world—so many different worlds—his somewhat overdone and distasteful knowingness, and along with his apparent cold-bloodedness of observation and accent, there went, in unaccustomed association, so deep a sense of the tears in mortal things that one soon realized that here was something more than a diabolically clever teller of tales, and that, in fact, we were safe in the hands of a deep and serious poet.

It need hardly be said that one of the first notes to be struck by Mr. Kipling, a note that has reverberated as from an iron string through all his subsequent writings, has been that an Englishman's first duty is his duty to England. "Keep we the faith!" From first to last he has been an incorrigible Britisher, and in his case there seems never to have been a shadow of those Gilbertian temptations to belong to other nations. Least of all has he ever shown the smallest inclination to be an internationalist. In that famous envoi to *The Seven Seas*, in which he expresses his creed as an artist, he has told us that in the happy hereafter for artists, "When the oldest colours have faded and the youngest critic has died"—

". . . Only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame;

But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!"

From first to last the god he has served, with a prayerful devotion which gives all his work a curious seriousness, even solemnity, has been the God of Things as They Are; and, when you come to think of it, what other god is there? Under another name, such was the deity of another modern writer who seems very different from Mr. Kipling, but from whom, I conjecture, he has drawn no little inspiration—George Meredith. "Sacred Reality," Meredith called his divinity. "Smite, Sacred Reality," he cries in the anguish of *A Faith on Trial;* and when we can say that in sincerity, he adds, "we have come to our faith's ordeal." Meredith and Mr. Kipling alike are fiercely impatient of sentimental evasions of the facts of existence, and though, perhaps, far from agreement on details, are alike intolerant of half-baked social and political panaceas, both having gone to school to that wise spirit which teaches us to discriminate between true idealism and its spurious, sophomoric imitations.

For this reason, Mr. Kipling is by many regarded as a reactionary—a label, it is to be feared, which must be patiently accepted by all such who do not swallow wholesale those nostrums of contemporary lawlessness and disorder which parade variously under the names of progress and revolution.

Mr. Kipling has an old-fashioned belief in duty, and in the discipline which enforces it, and makes it second nature. "He did not know," he says of his "Brush-

wood Boy," "that he bore with him from school and college a character worth much fine gold." Character —that is the old-fashioned quality which again and again he holds up for our admiration in his mute, inglorious heroes, and possibly he writes sometimes a little too much as if it were an exclusively British possession.

For, in spite of his having, in Barrie's phrase, swaggered in bad company over so many continents, he is the least cosmopolitan of writers. He is nothing if not patriotic—that antique virtue which our internationalists are doing their best to ridicule and destroy. It was already, in many intellectual quarters, being superciliously depreciated as insularity, and so forth, when Mr. Kipling first "smote 'is bloomin' lyre." Perhaps, for some, the recent war, with its fearful menace, may point an old-fashioned moral in Mr. Kipling's favour; and those who study it, and who are following, too, the recent developments among the various new peace-born nations, may hesitate before exchanging it for the blessings of the "inter-nation."

In fact, Mr. Kipling is, both by temperament and by conviction, a Tory. But it is not necessary to agree with the whole of a writer to be glad of him, and this is especially true of Mr. Kipling. One may, indeed, often violently disagree with him, for his work is very much of a challenge to his time, yet admire and give thanks for him all the same. Perhaps as one grows older and better acquainted with the works and ways of his God of Things as They Are, one is inclined to agree with him more rather than less; nor need the doing so imply our senectitude, for we must recall that Mr. Kipling thought the same at twenty as he does now, that his young

shoulders were born with a strangely old Tory head upon them. He saw the Thing as It Is from a very early age; and, when we say that, we must not forget that it was far from being only the seamy side of it that he saw. He saw that, indeed, with strangely precocious eyes, but it was as nothing in his vision compared with the power and the glory, the wonder and the mystery, which he also saw, and which no man of our time has seen with clearer, more passionate, or more worshipful seeing.

RUDYARD KIPLING

## RUDYARD KIPLING[1]

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

RUDYARD KIPLING had the double qualification of poetic genius and of convinced Imperialism. He had received a formal accolade from the aged Tennyson, and could have carried on the tradition of British verse and British arms. Lord Tennyson himself was not more of an Imperialist than Mr. Kipling; he believed religiously, as Mr. Kipling believes, in the beneficence of British conquests. Results have often seemed to justify this faith, even though the method may not always commend itself to foreign spectators.

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns;
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

"Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown
When the Widow at Windsor says 'Stop!'
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say 'Stop!'!)"

[1]Reprinted from *Essays on Modern Novelists.* Copyright, 1910, by the Macmillan Company.

Nor has any Laureate, in the history of the office, risen any more magnificently to an occasion than did Mr. Kipling at the sixtieth anniversary of the reign of the Queen. Each poet made his little speech in verse, and then at the close of the ceremony came the thrilling "Recessional," which received an instant applause from the world as if it had been spoken to an audience. In its scriptural phraseology, in its combination of haughty pride and deep contrition, in its "holy hope and high humility," it expressed with austere majesty the genius of the English race. The soul of a great poet entered immediately into the hearts of men, there to abide for ever.

Rudyard Kipling's poetry is as familiar to us as the air we breathe. He is the spokesman for the Anglo-Saxon breed. His gospel of orderly energy is the inspiration of thousands of business offices; his sententious maxims are parts of current speech: the victrola has carried his singing lyrics even farther than the banjo penetrates, of which latter democratic instrument his wonderful poem is the apotheosis. And we have the word of a distinguished British major general to prove that Mr. Kipling has actually wrought a miracle of transformation with Tommy Atkins. General Sir George Younghusband, in a recent book, *A Soldier's Memories*, says, "I had never heard the words or expressions that Rudyard Kipling's soldiers used. Many a time did I ask my brother officers whether they had ever heard them. No, never. But, sure enough, a few years after, the soldiers thought, and talked, and expressed themselves exactly as Rudyard Kipling had taught them in his stories. Rudyard Kipling made the modern soldier. Other writers have gone on with the good work, and

they have between them manufactured the cheery, devil-may-care, lovable person enshrined in our hearts as Thomas Atkins. Before he had learned from reading stories about himself that he, as an individual, also possessed the above attributes, he was mostly ignorant of the fact. My early recollections of the British soldier are of a bluff, rather surly person, never the least jocose or light-hearted except perhaps when he had too much beer."

This is extraordinary testimony to the power of literature—from a first-class fighting man. It is as though John Sargent should paint an inaccurate but idealized portrait, and the original should make it accurate by imitation. The soldiers were transformed by the renewing of their minds. Beholding with open face as in a glass a certain image, they were changed into the same image, by the spirit of the poet. This is certainly a greater achievement than correct reporting. It is quite possible, too, that the *officers'* attitude toward Tommy Atkins had been altered by the *Barrack-Room Ballads*, and this new attitude produced results in character.

At all events, the transformation of character by discipline, cleanliness, hard work, and danger is the ever-present moral in Mr. Kipling's verse. He loves to take the raw recruit or the boyish, self-conscious, awkward subaltern, and show how he may become an efficient man, happy in the happiness that accompanies success. It is a Philistine goal, but one that has the advantage of being attainable.

# RUDYARD KIPLING AS A FRENCHMAN SEES HIM

# RUDYARD KIPLING AS A FRENCHMAN SEES HIM[1]

BY ANDRÉ CHEVRILLON

## *The Poetry of Energy*

THE quality which gives these poems of the first period ["The Song of the English," etc.] their essentially English character is a certain fulness and tension of spiritual energy—that energy of life and character which the national training of body and soul, together with the general system of social discipline, seek to guard and develop in a particular class of English society.

This it is which makes Kipling's poetry so healthy, strangely unlike the disquieting music, full of doubt and unrest, which we have learnt from famous models to accept as the characteristic of the poet. It is instinct with action and will, with tonic movements ranging from outbursts of joyous invention to sustained accents of enthusiasm and solemn conviction. A man's voice was heard in these first poems of Kipling's. It compelled attention at once. No tone could have been more sharply opposed to those vague moods of longing, foreboding, contemplation, ecstasy, the unutterable essence of which the Pre-Raphaelites—Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others—had tried to convey. Kipling's

[1]Selected and reprinted from *Three Studies in English Literature*. Copyright by Doubleday, Page & Company.

verses are like the strokes of a hammer wielded by the brawny arms of a blacksmith. The character thus revealed was at once recognised by the first readers of *The Light That Failed*. They had guessed how much of himself and his poetry Kipling, at the age of twenty-six, had put into the person and the work of his Dick Heldar: the sudden fits of dreaming, the wild desire, the elemental energy which concentrates and battles, sensibility to the simplest and most intense aspects of nature and of man, swift and penetrating vision, and in the recoil of the mind upon itself, the sudden development of the conception born of the image received. Painter and poet, the soul was the same in both. And, indeed, the painter is so much a poet that his intensity is revealed to us by the fever into which he is thrown by some lines he hears recited one evening.

I remember the day when I first read the fragments of verse that occur in the novel. Someone was playing the piano, and the musician, passing from one thing to another, began a piece of Schumann's, which ought, I know, to have snatched me away from any book. I did not even hear it; the beat of the English metre was so strong and imperious that it seemed to silence the subtle, tender music of the composer of "The Jasmine." All the most characteristic pieces of this poet have this quality. The movement of the soul from which they spring seems to upheave the surface of the verse, gathering force in its progress like the periodic wave of a ground swell. Nothing could be newer or more varied than his metres, yet they never suggest research. The rhythm seems the result of a natural force. It has that indefinable touch of the elemental and inevitable which also marks the idea, its presentation, the marshalling of

the details, the culminating effect—marks, in fact, the whole of a Kipling story or poem; and hence that saying, in the early days, that his art could no more be discussed than a cannon ball hitting one in the chest. No French translation can express such energy of rhythm. This is possible only in English, thanks to the intensity of the tonic accent, gaining strength under the stress of emotion, which inflects and modulates speech after the manner of music (hence the frequent use of italics in English writing to mark this special emphasis of the phrase). And this goes so far in some cases that the verbal music is almost enough, the meaning of the words becoming a secondary matter. Such is the case, for instance, in "The Anchor Song," with its technical vocabulary, which, when translated into French, is but a long conundrum for the landsman. With the English version, no matter if the reader be ignorant of the nautical terms, the amazing palpitation of the metre acts upon him, and in the rush and racket of the verses he is conscious at once of straining arms hauling at the sheets, flapping sails, tumult of wind and water—of the desire and then the rapture of the open sea.

By this quality of force the artist's sympathies are governed. His spirit is attuned to the tonic aspect of things, to those which express great, simple energies. If we wished to define him by a contrast, we should oppose to him Shelley, the poet of the fainting ecstatic soul, of the Sensitive Plant, of perfumes, the poet who shows matter only in its radiant, or, as spiritualists would say, its astral state. No lyric poet has sung so little of flowers and moonlight, so rarely written the word: love. But how he has looked at the world, how well he knows the sea, the greatest visible energy in our

world—the sea and all the things thereof! How he reproduces its life and movement in himself, and passes them on to us! The pallid, foaming fury of the storm, the wild clamour on the reef or sandbank of the bell-buoy, plunging, tossing, quivering in the choppy tide when the wind blows against the galloping rush of the ebb: "By the gates of Doom I sing, On the horns of Death I ride." And then "the sleek-barrelled swell before storm, gray, formless, enormous and growing"; or "the heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded"; and again in the darkness: "the shudder, the stumble, the swerve as the star-stabbing bowsprit emerges."

In the poet's vision of humanity, the same tendency is apparent. There, again, it is to power that he is most susceptible, to those states and aspects of man which denote the plenitude and freshness of vital energies, the force of the active will resisting, fighting, or expanding in triumph. One of his finest songs is the great triumphal chant of Mowgli over the corpse of his enemy, Shere Khan, the rhythmic repetitions of which (we seem to hear the trampling of the feet), the sudden movements, the cries of exultation and defiance, recall the wild grandeur of the Song of Deborah.

From 1890 to 1892 this army gave him the matter for one of his first collections of verse, the *Barrack Room Ballads*. These ballads were really addressed to soldiers. They were sung in the barracks and camps of India, at the hour when the men light their pipes and turn to the bard of the regiment, who was able to mingle them with his usual refrains. The vocabulary, the style, the movements, the highly coloured pathos, the obvious moral, were those of artless popular pictures.

But here we feel the hand of a great artist. For these rough traits are full of a general sense, showing the fundamentals of a race—in the first place, what may be called a certain stolidity of the mind, which keeps it in a given groove, and makes for reticence, greater mobility being essential to the southern play of speech, with its swift banter and lively, lucid ideas. And then a certain subjective intensity shown in the man's powers of resistance, tenacity, self-absorption, and accumulated passion. On such souls impressions are rarely made, but then they are lasting. Slowly but deeply moved souls, these, in which a sudden shock may rouse latent forces of imagination, strange, vivid dreaming, rising sometimes to solemn mystic visions.

### *The Ethics of Kipling*

From this type of soul, common to Kipling's creations, his most individual and self-expressive poetry seems to proceed, and hence its tonic quality. Here a real person is being revealed, an active, durable self traversed by dynamic currents which guide it ever on and are passed on to us. By this feature Kipling, unique in so many respects, is akin to Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tennyson, and if we go farther back for his like, Milton, grave, noble, and steadfast, appears in spite of all differences due to period and culture, as the perfect example of the type.

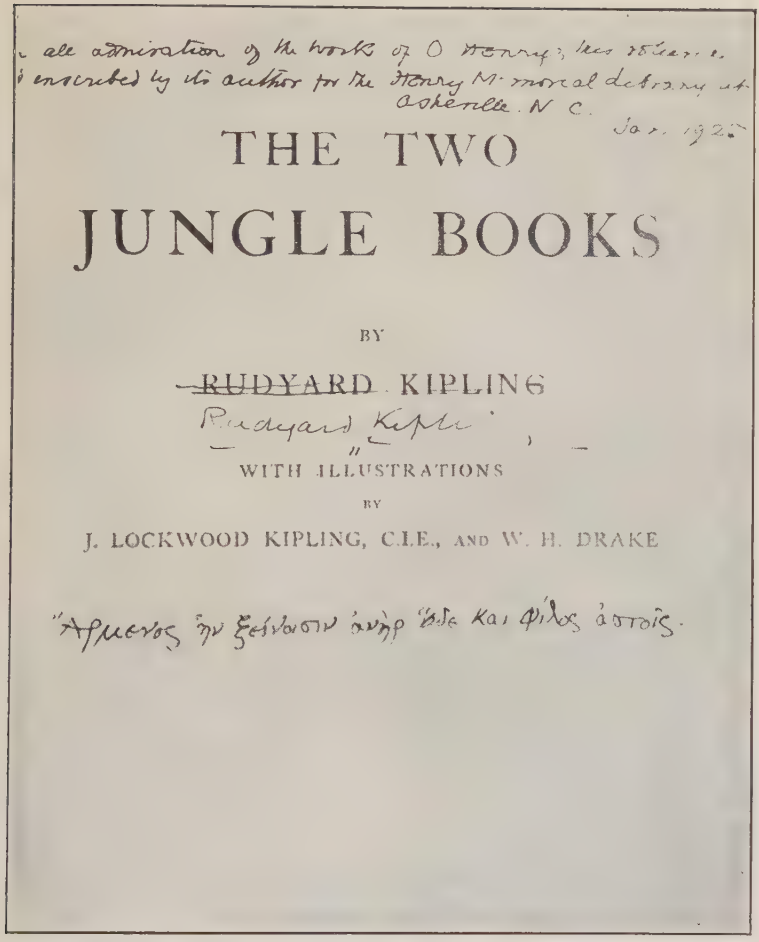
In such souls the great principle of stability is a conviction born of their own strength, like the deep root grown by a vigorous plant. As with these masters, so with Kipling. His basis is a faith of the same kind as theirs.

We must linger here awhile, for it is the substance of

this faith which colours the flower of his poetry. So great an artist was revealed from the outset, he produced such an effect of power as a master of imagery, that at first only his magic was seen; but under all his fancy and observation a certitude declares itself as fervent as his vision of the universe is intense and true. This energy, alike of conviction and sensation, this attention to spiritual values, together with these powers of vision and imagination, are peculiar to Kipling.

More often than not he expresses himself by images, designed to suggest or awaken a belief. Underlying the obvious meaning of the tale or poem there is another —sometimes, indeed, there are several—more or less interwoven, one of which, however, is essential. He loves to veil his innermost thought thus, and this tendency to symbolism, manifest from the beginning, has increased noticeably in his work. The reason is that his thought has grown deeper, turning gradually from without to within. No doubt such is the general progress of life, the outer world remaining the same about us, but the actual movement of life, the continuous accumulation of memories, adding ever more to our inner world. More and more with this poet, superficially described as a realist, the visible is subordinated to the invisible, sometimes symbolising it, sometimes disappearing altogether. Then, colour and images are suppressed. The idea emerges, stark, direct, and compact in its nakedness. There is a flash as of a blade leaping from a scabbard, the rich and vivid chasing of which we had been idly admiring.

This idea, with shades peculiar to a poet born under an alien star, is the old, stern, Puritan, English idea of duty, which inspired so many poets and novelists




Facsimile of the autographed title page of "The Two Jungle Books" in the O. Henry Memorial Library at Asheville, N. C. The Greek inscription, roughly translated, is "He was welcome to strangers and dear to his fellow-citizens"

of the Victorian age, and had already found such strong expression at other periods of English literature. "No nation," says Voltaire, writing about 1750, "has treated of ethics more vigorously and profoundly in poetry than the English."[1] Now that the critical spirit has at last made its way into England, Kipling, of all the great living writers of his country, stands alone for the absolute in ethics, with a militant faith. A Wells, a Shaw, a Bennett, a Galsworthy, serve other gods, the gods of reason or of sentiment. Kipling's work appeals to our will, in order to nourish it with the tonic influences we have noted, and also to direct it. For he is not merely the teacher of energy his early works announced; he is the teacher of *conduct*—a weighty word in English!

Conduct: would he concern himself so much with it, if, with the disciples of Rousseau, he believed that human nature is good, that we have only to trust it, and are excused by our instincts? The old Christian idea, into which the Reformation had instilled new life, works strongly within him: we must not follow our bent, we must fight against it; or, as we should say to-day in Bergsonian terms, we must follow the upward movement of life, which strives, against the descending current of things, to concentrate energy in forms ever more complex.

This is the very idea which, more or less clearly defined, inspired the great English moralists of the Nineteenth Century. Ruskin expresses it clearly, showing duty as a principle making for life, that is to say, for form, that is to say, for beauty, whence the perpetual

[1] *Siècle de Louis XIV*, xxxiv.

tendency of his æsthetics toward ethics—the two points of view being in reality the same. Thus understood, morality is no mere matter of rules and interdictions. Its idea is not negative; it is not to be confused with that of a code for the preservation of the established order, with the notion of what is safe and respectable; one is not tempted to despise it as essentially "middle class." It is a living, dynamic idea, inspiring enthusiasm; a vehemence of divine essence and origin, partaking of the driving force of the world; and just as it possessed the prophets of ancient Israel, it may now pass into the soul of a poet. A religious vehemence, for in Anglo-Saxon countries it is the main element of religion, so much so, that when dogma tends to disappear, it is found all-sufficient in churches which, by their system of collective discipline and practice, seek to maintain the fervour and authority proper to dogma.[1]

Hence the lyrical intensity which often surprises us in the preaching of Carlyle and Ruskin, as in the more ethical poems of Wordsworth and Tennyson—those, in fact, which the English public has always loved. For this public responds to such accents; more than any other is it sensitive to an order of beauty that appeals only to the soul; and this we recognise when we reproach our neighbours for looking upon art as a vehicle for moral ideas. More than any other is this public capable of grave enthusiasm for spiritual grandeur, and of this the leaders of the nation are aware; they know by

[1]This is the tendency of the Broad Church party, the Unitarians, and, to-day, even of the Salvation Army. It is very general in America. The Presbyterian Church of Seattle is the most complete example.

what bare, stern words, even by what silence or injunctions to silence, it may be stirred to its depths.[1] Is it not a significant fact that in 1897, when Kipling had already published so much that was moving, nothing of his work had ever thrilled all England so generally and deeply as those solemn stanzas of prayer and meditation which he wrote on the morrow of the Jubilee, under the title of "Recessional," a word used in the Anglican service for the subdued music of the organ when the white-robed clergy and choristers leave the chancel in slow procession? After the pomp, the shouting, the blare of trumpets, came this moving reminder of God and the nothingness of human dust—*lest we forget! lest we forget!* Five short stanzas, suggesting a congregation rapt in prayer, and an effect such as no modern poet had produced upon a nation. But this was the nation of which Matthew Arnold was able to say; that its culture proceeds from the Hebrew mind rather than from Greek thought, from the Reformation rather than from the Renaissance, and that it is less concerned with thought and intelligence than with conduct.

*Conduct:* that is to say, free obedience to a recognised law; resistance against the world and against oneself; perseverance, which is strength—that strength we have felt in so many of Kipling's creations, expressed by the rhythm, the style and tone of his poetry. A virile poetry, the poetry of a soul "four-square to all the winds that blow," secure in its structure and foundations, proof against the impulse of caprice and all that

[1]See Lord Kitchener's proclamations asking for volunteers. *Cf.* M. Chevrillon's *Britain and the War.*

makes for languor and disintegration. This is true will power, the basic element in that perfection which the English have made their ideal, the main object of education in their public schools, which they express by one word: *character.*

This perfection is reached when autonomous will has chosen duty as its goal. To an Englishman of the fine old type—the regular classic type moulded by the public schools—whose training was to fit him for practical life and social service—ideals now no longer unquestioned—this is the supreme virtue. Intelligence he is apt to look upon as a whim of nature, a will-o'-the-wisp lighting haphazard on an individual; a dangerous light when it shows him his prejudices, and incites him to discuss those necessary rules of conduct which have nothing to do with reasoning. But in a steadfast will, subduing itself to duty, he sees the outcome of ancient culture. Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control, these alone raise life to sovereign power, declared Tennyson, in verses all schoolboys in his country learn by heart. Of the three words, the last, *self-control*, is the most English. And the lesson is almost the same as that suggested to M'Andrew by the patient, true, well-concerted action of his engines: "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline . . ."

What this voluntary submission to strict discipline should be, the poem which bears as title the little word *If* will tell us. It is an exact and rigorous code, in the simplest language, of the laws a man must obey if he would be strong against the world and against himself.

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,

If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings,
And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they have gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son![1]

[1] "IF," at the end of "Brother Square-Toes," in *Rewards and Fairies.*

*The Songs: The Land and Her Dead*

Over-insistence on the practical and religious beliefs underlying Kipling's poetry would give a misleading idea of it. Of course they nourish it, and it is essential to know them, for they are the common ground of all English culture. But a ground is a colourless thing, and Kipling's poetry is as diverse and vivid as the blossoms springing from the clay in the course of the seasons.

How are we to suggest this variety, in which we find now the splendour of the East, now the tender and delicate shades of our northern world? The reader will form an idea of it if he glances at the *Songs from Books*. Here we are not looking at flower-beds in which the successive dreams and moods of a poet are arranged according to species and colours, but at the wayward growths that spring up luxuriantly from the April to the September of a life.

These songs are peculiar in their kind. All readers of Kipling know that it has long been his custom to write as a prelude to his stories a few verses that give the tone, and to close them with stanzas, in which the underlying idea is set forth, stripped of the outline, even of the matter proper to the narrative—transmuted into music full of a new magic, and as it were spiritualised. In this collection, the echoes of all the tales he has given to the world for the last twenty years seem to reverberate. A crowd of spirits reappear and press together. And here and there familiar voices call to us, those of Kim, Mowgli, Puck and others, rising above the whispers of the land—of the ancient Indian, and the no less ancient English land: light, infinite sonorities

alive with the intermingled waves of music and poetry, with rhythms of lullabies and nursery songs, charms and incantations, Oriental chants and English ballads, hymns and the solemn prayers of the Liturgy—alive with movements of joy, humour, and youthful fancy (childhood itself flits by, full of wonder, delighting in familiar or fabulous beasts, mimicking their ways and language)—with religious impulses, flights of metaphysical imagination, moods of slow and solemn musing; for in these Englishmen deep earnestness does not preclude unquenchable boyish freshness and vitality.

Among these songs some seem of peculiar bearing on the poet's own history. They are the simplest, the least vivid perhaps, but how instinct with feeling! The subject is merely the ancient, changeless English land, and they seem to soar, grey and tremulous as larks, from the heather and the pale downs of Sussex.

This county of Sussex by the sea is a land of memories. A spell as of the Sleeping Beauty lingers there, and time seems to have stood still. Nothing happens; the country folk, slow, heavy and silent—shepherds, labourers, millers, charcoal burners—lead the same rustic, Christian life as their forbears, to the rhythm of recurrent works and days. The old men have a wisdom not to be learnt at school, that comes from the long years of a life given to the things of woods and fields, and beyond that, from the experience of past generations. They never cease working; they are never ill; they die suddenly, like a branch that withers and drops one day from the tree. Nowadays, the landscape is more silent than ever, and everything blends into harmony under the patient finger of Time. One feels that human beings and things have endured together in

unhasting, monotonous life. There is the same ancient marriage of a certain race and a certain soil as in our Brittany. The magic of this soil, the gentle, irresistible power by which it takes silent possession of men of the race, the memories and secrets it whispers, Kipling, fresh from new worlds and all the lands of the Empire, learned by experience and recorded in one of his tales.

But some of the songs date from farther back than childhood—from the bygone times of all those dead whose ashes, mingled with this soil, give it its healing virtue. They have left their traces everywhere: in the old lanes barred by gates that have always been there, in the manor house with its smoke curling up behind the wood, in the trees on the village green, in the low Norman church watching over the tombstones on which Eighteenth Century dates are still visible.

And if one stays long enough in the country and learns to read the writing of time upon it, other traces reveal themselves, and gradually the most distant past appears:

"See you the ferny ride that steals
Into the oak-woods far?
O that was whence they hewed the keels
That rolled to Trafalgar!

"See you the dimpled track that runs
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet!

"See you our stilly woods of oak
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke
On the day that Harold died."

Looking round his familiar landscape, Kipling marvels to think that the men and things of to-day are the same as those of distant ages, that the small voice of the stream was singing in the Twelfth Century in this very dell, that old man Hobden, who clips the squire's hedge, comes from a Hobden who in those far-away days clipped the hedge of a knight—that before him there were others of the name, who lived by the same bread, the same beliefs and customs, in the same circle of the horizon. Thus, in the souls of the men as in the soil of the countryside the past persists. "What has been will be," says the great lonely serpent of the jungle, who has lived a thousand years. And when he awakes from his long torpors he cannot tell whether the living round him are or are not those he has known.

Thus it is that the sense of Country has gone on deepening in Kipling. He was at first in love with the strength and beauty of the foliage; later on, he noted more especially the ancient life of the trunk; he was moved by the sight of the marks of time, of the deep strata whereon each development, each age has been imprinted. The time was far distant when he had sung: "What do they know of England who only England know?" No longer a traveller, attached henceforth to the old soil, where so many men of his race had been rooted, behind the living he saw the dead, those dead who had not dreamt of the Empire, but had prepared it by their virtues, and he loved the land where their traces are everywhere to be seen, loved it simply, as they had loved it. "The land and its dead," as we say in France. His patriotism is no longer proud and exultant as in his youth; it has become more inward and tender, more like our own; it is tinged with a feeling

akin to that suggested in the French saying—a feeling which, as early as the Eleventh Century, had found expression in the words: *Douce France.*

But the earlier vision persists, it has only become deeper. It now embraces the whole life of the English hive. The conception of present society as formed by the living who owe service to one another and to future generations, has been completed by that of the bond between these living and all the generations before them. Not that Kipling was ever unmindful of the dead—they have their *Saga* in "The Song of the English." But in this he sings only of the pioneers of new Englands, those whose bones lie rotting at the bottom of the sea, or strew the first trails in veldt and prairie, not of all those millions whose dust, mingled with English earth for a thousand years, makes it holy to an English heart.

Does this mean that his love of country is greater now than of old? But is complete knowledge necessary to love? Is it not rather because one *loves* that one longs to know better and better—to know those hidden things of the soul, those dim recesses of the past undiscerned by a young poet, face to face with the beauty that first moves him to sing. Kipling's patriotism was the passion that shaped his life. It proclaimed itself ingenuously in his first poem, written at the age of sixteen; it inspires the stanzas dated on the eve of the Armistice. An ever-present, restless passion—an active passion which has set him apart, consecrated him, and marked him with a sign.

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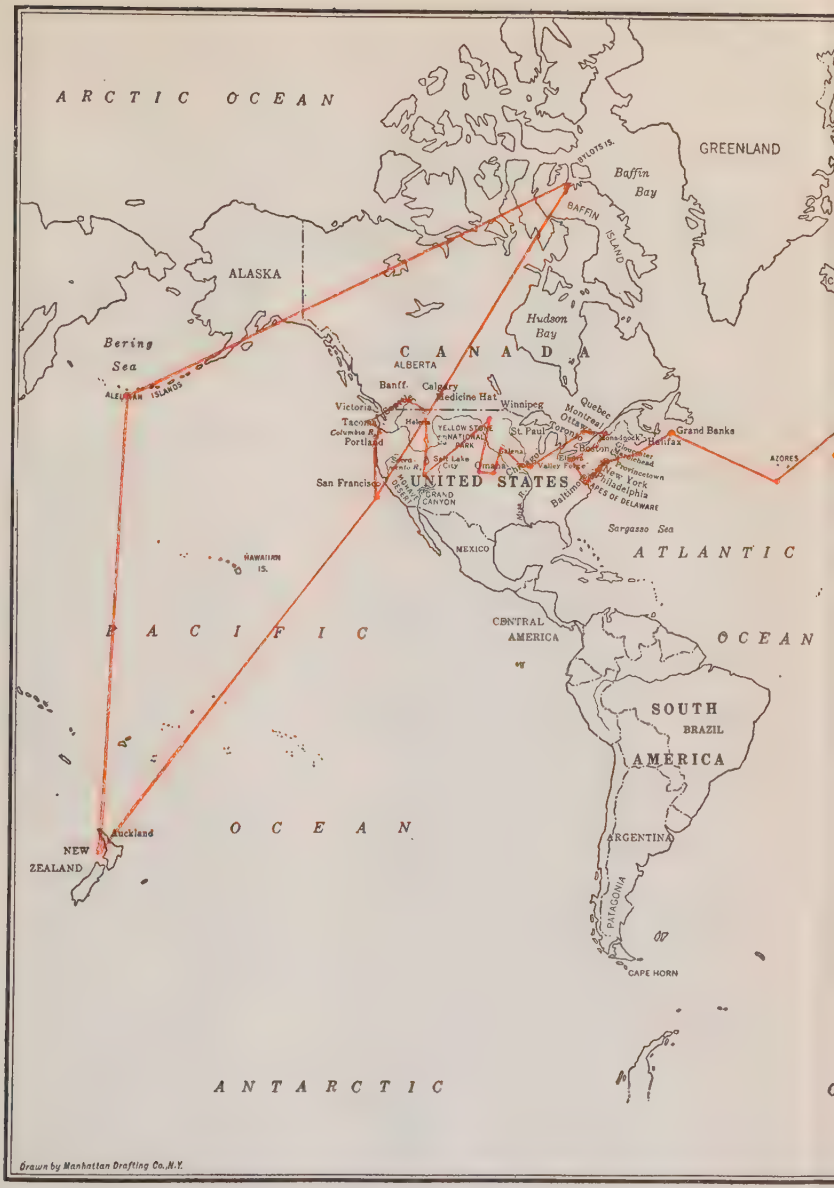


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